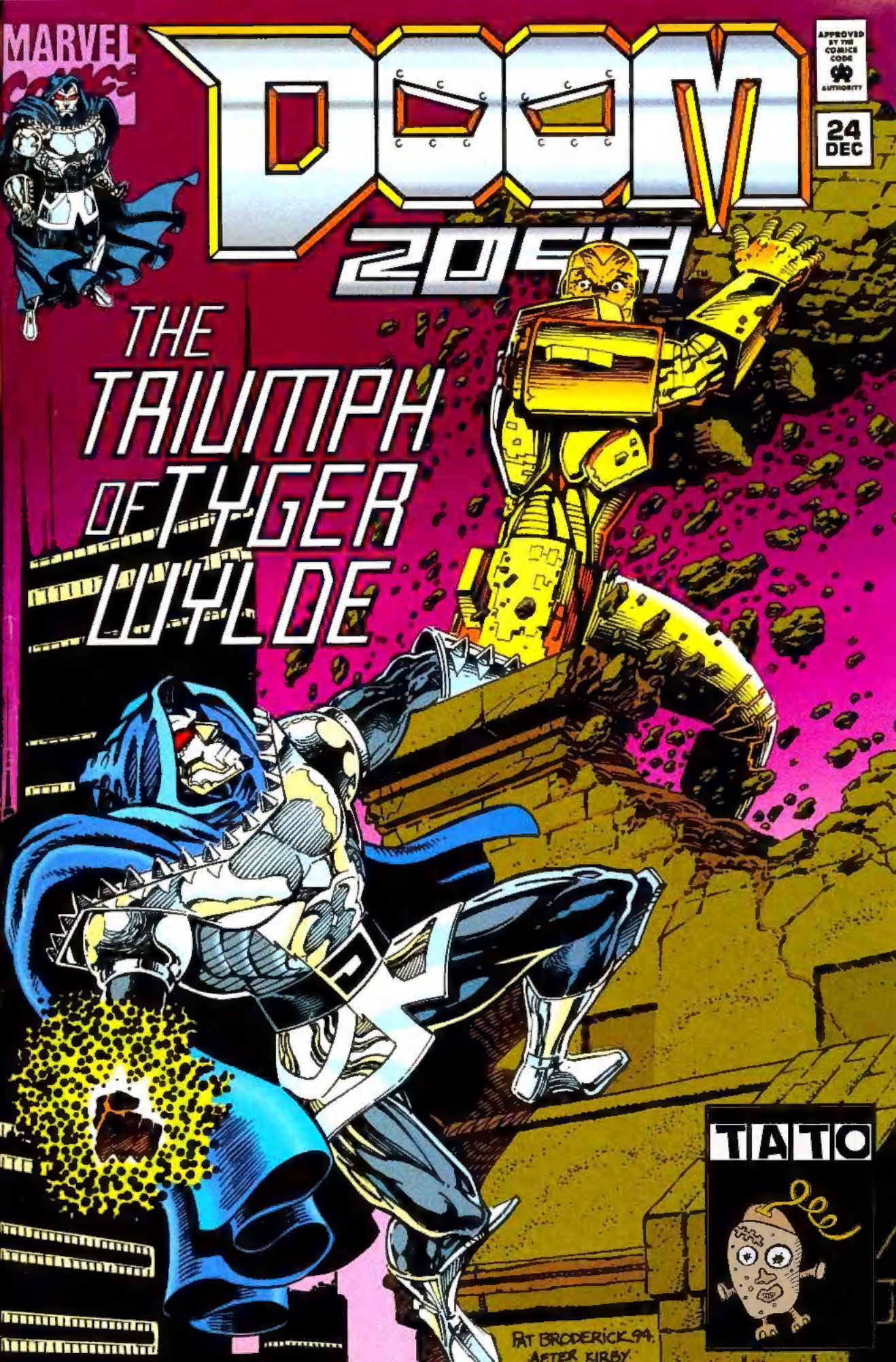
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DOOM 2099
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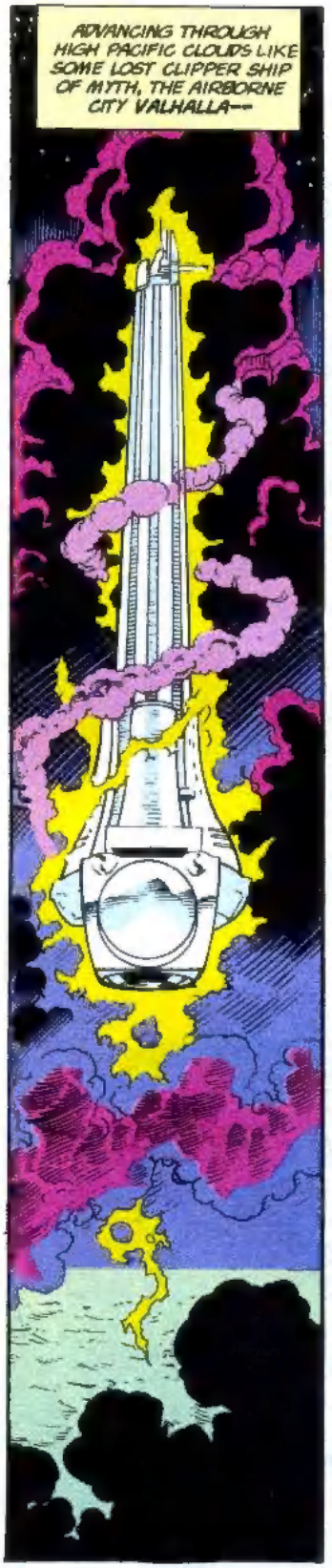
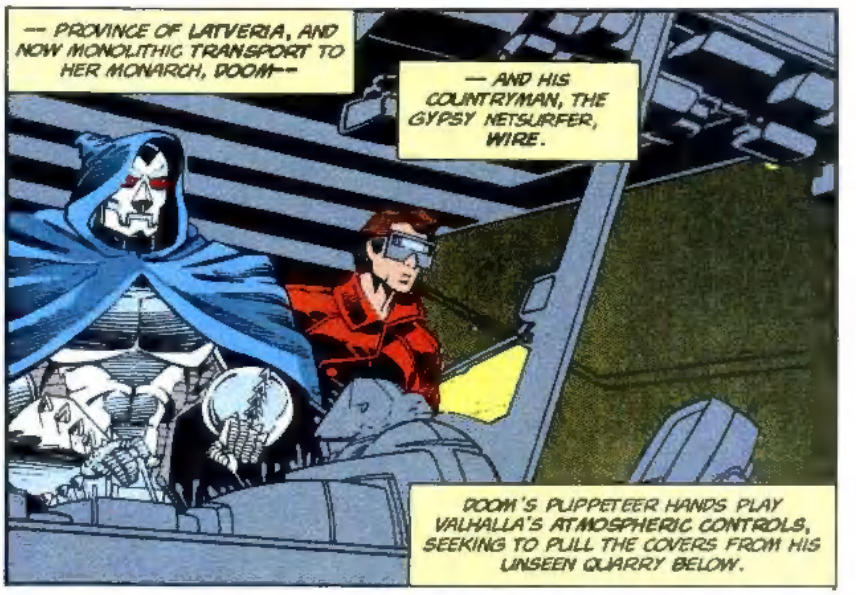
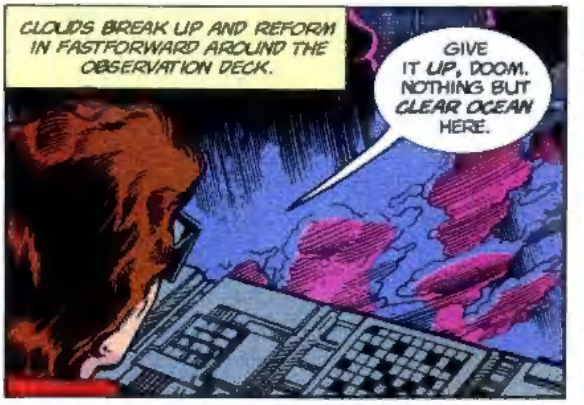
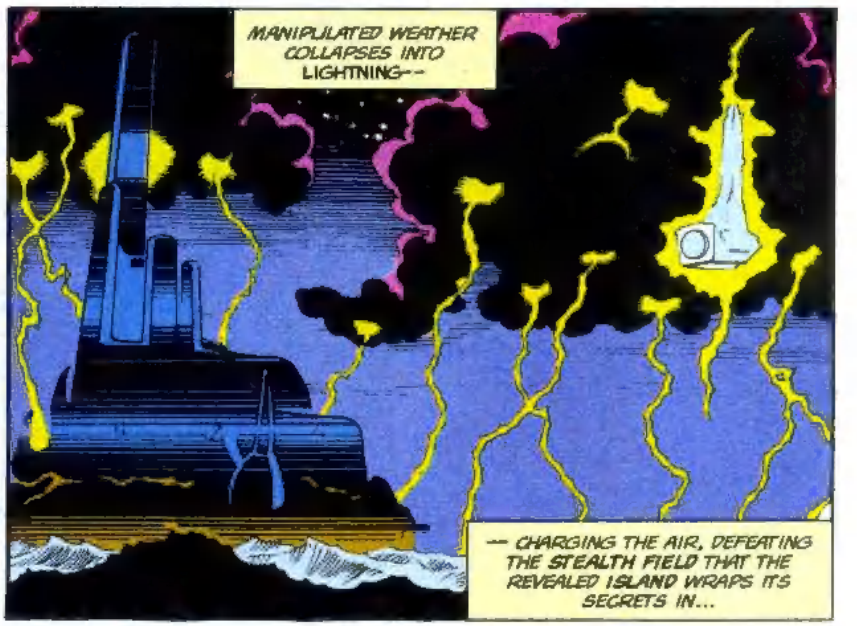
24 DEC
THE TRIUMPH OF TYGER WYLDE
TATO
PAT BRODERICK 94.
AFTER KIRBY

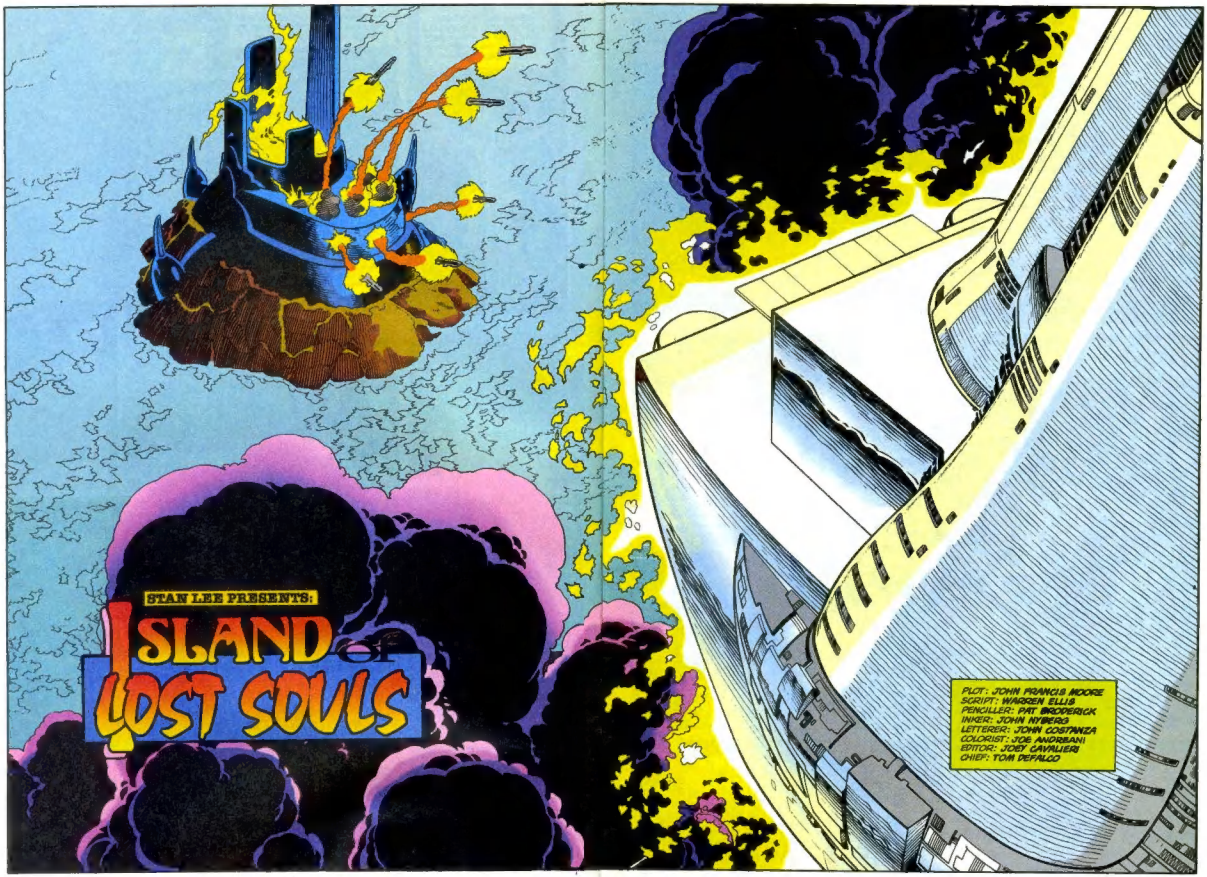


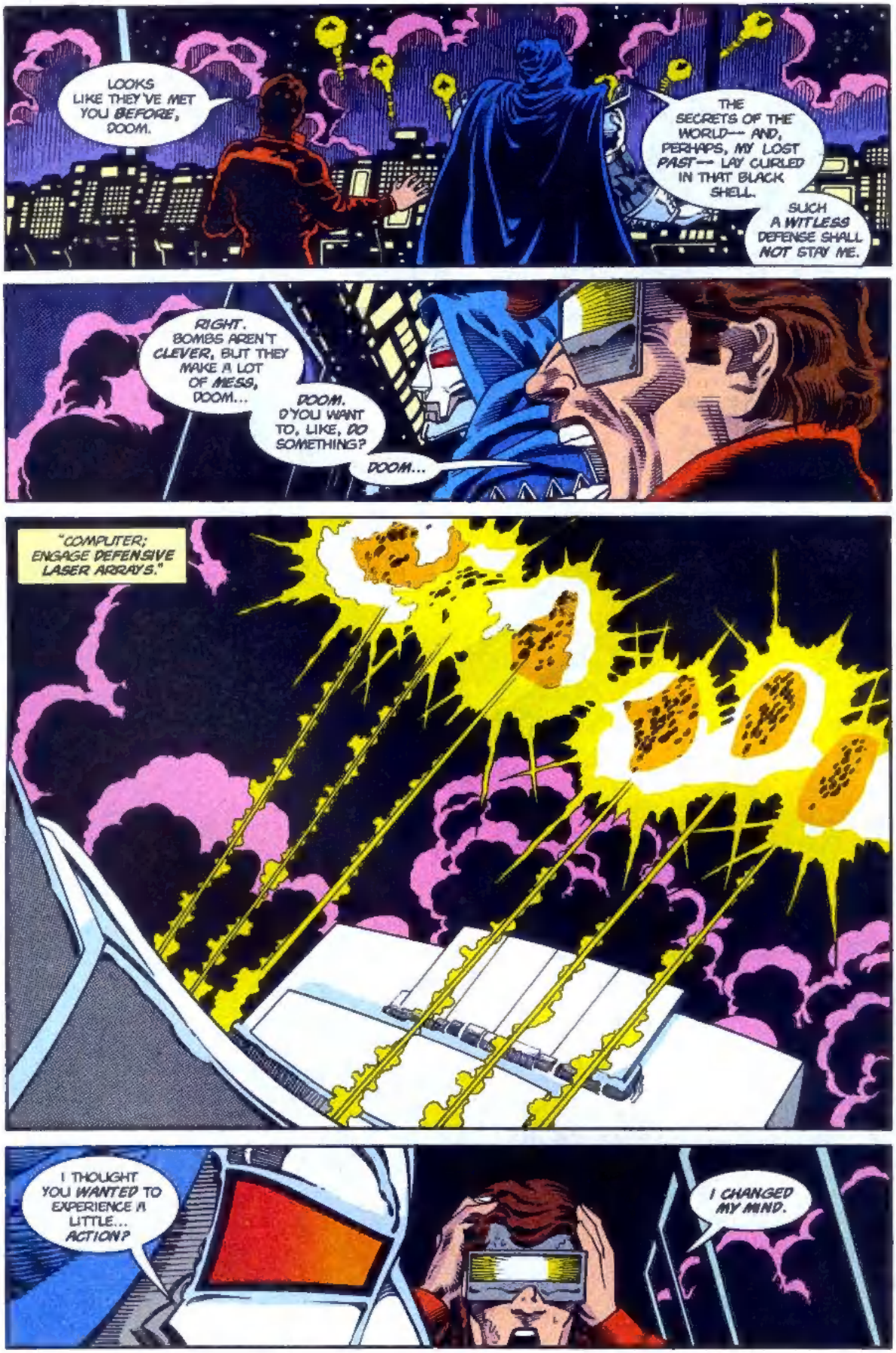

-- PROVINCE OF LATVERIA, AND NOW MONOLITHIC TRANSPORT TO HER MONARCH, DOOM--
-- AND HIS COUNTRYMAN, THE GYPSY NETSURFER, WIRE.
DOOM'S PUPPETEER HANDS PLAY VALHALLA'S ATMOSPHERIC CONTROLS, SEEKING TO PULL THE COVERS FROM HIS UNSEEN QUARRY BELOW.




MANIPULATED WEATHER COLLAPSES INTO LIGHTNING--
-- CHARGING THE AIR, DEFEATING THE STEALTH FIELD THAT THE REVEALED ISLAND WRAPS ITS SECRETS IN...

DOOM 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 24, December, 1994. (ISSN # 1068-8463) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.50 per copy in the U.S. and $2.05 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $18.00 U.S., $30.00 foreign, and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DOOM 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DOOM 2099, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING INC., SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 1975, DANBURY, CT 06813-1975. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. PRINTED IN USA.


STAN LEE PRESENTS:
ISLAND OF LOST SOULS
PLOT: JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
SCRIPT: WARREN ELLIS
PENCILLER: PAT BROSSEAU
INKER: JOHN NYBERG
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA
COLORIST: JOE ANDRIANI
EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI
CHIEF: TOM DEFALCO


LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE MET YOU BEFORE, DOOM.
THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD--- AND, PERHAPS, MY LOST PAST--- LAY CURLED IN THAT BLACK SHELL.
SUCH A WITLESS DEFENSE SHALL NOT STAY ME.
RIGHT. BOMBS AREN'T CLEVER, BUT THEY MAKE A LOT OF MESS, DOOM...
DOOM. D'YOU WANT TO, LIKE, DO SOMETHING?
DOOM...
"COMPUTER; ENGAGE DEFENSIVE LASER ARRAYS."
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO EXPERIENCE A LITTLE... ACTION?
I CHANGED MY MIND.

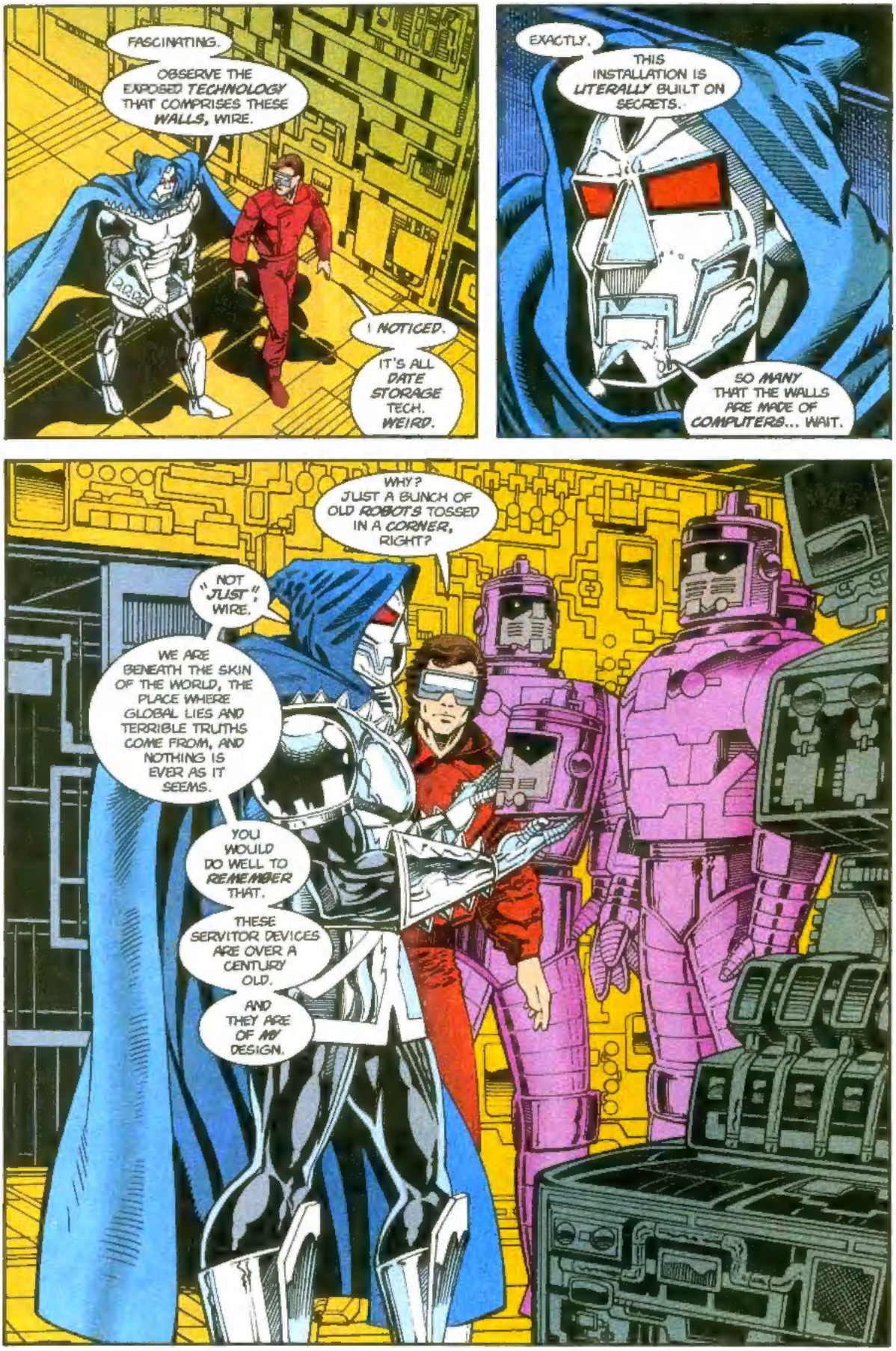
REVENANT CYBORG TIGER WYLDE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A MIND LEFT TO CHANGE.
WYLDE'S HEAD IS FULL OF BROKEN GLASS, GLISTENING WITH A PRIMAL NEED TO KILL DOOM.
HE SNIFFS THE AIR LIKE A DYING ANIMAL.
FROM BELOW COMES THE PERFUME OF A PLACE HE KNOWS.
OTHERWISE HE MAY HAVE THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT USING HIS ONE GOOD ARM TO GRAB HOLD OF VALHALLA, BACK IN MYRDIA.
ISLAND. HOME OF HIS ENGINEERED REBIRTH. HOME.
HE'S ALMOST HEARTBROKEN WHEN HOME STARTS SHOOTING AT HIM.
NOT AIMING FOR HIM, OF COURSE— THE LASERS WAVE AROUND IN AN EYEBURNING DANCE, LOOKING FOR A WEAK SPOT IN VALHALLA.
LIKE AN OUTER SURFACE WITH A HANDHOLD TORN IN IT.
AAAA

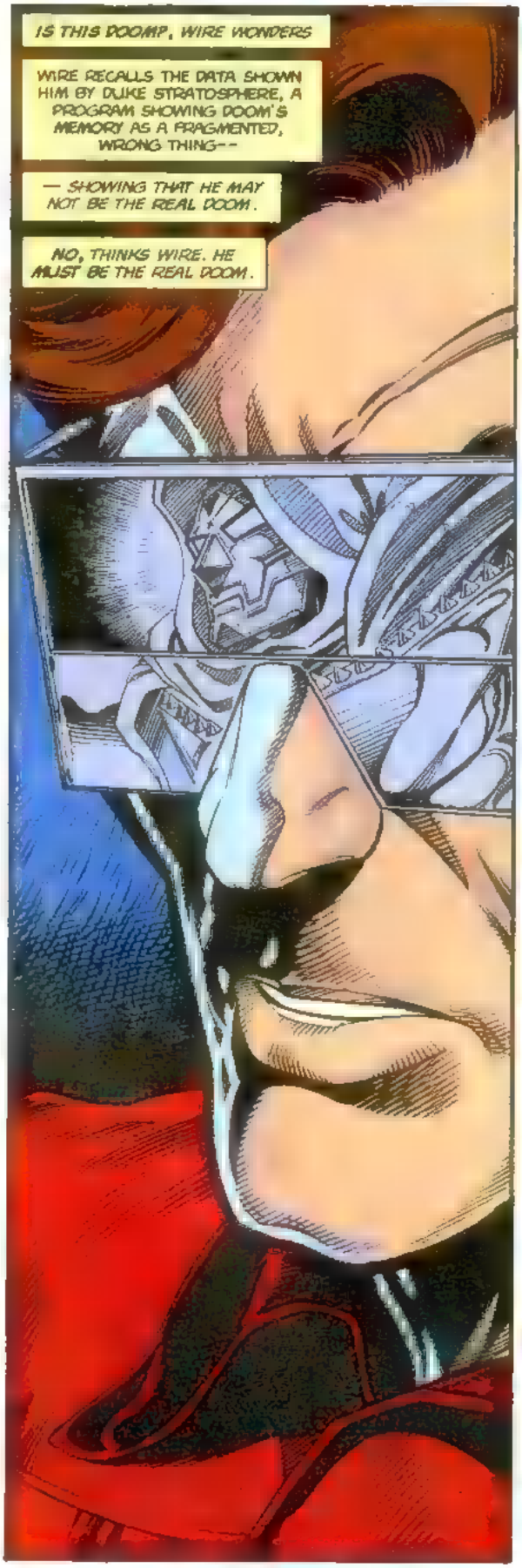
AUTOMATED SYSTEMS OPEN UP A HOT WAR BETWEEN SKY AND SEA.
UNSEEN BY BUSY WAR MACHINES, A DROPSHIP IS RELEASED FROM THE GUTS OF VALHALLA--
-- FALLING IN CLOSE PARALLEL TO THE CITY'S BEAMFIRE BARRAGES TO FURTHER CONFUSE THE ISLAND'S DETECTION APPARATUS.
DOOM'S CONCERNS ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, HIS LIFE, ARE BLASTED AWAY BY THE COLD THRILL OF IT ALL.
RIDING THE EDGE OF FIRE, RISKING ALL FOR JEWELED VICTORY.
IT'S WHAT HE WAS BORN FOR.

THE DROPSHIP HITS DIRT AMONG THE ISLAND'S SHOUTING GUNS.
WIRE, IN MORTAL FEAR, SUPPRESSES THE TERRIBLE URGE TO BE SICK, SCREAM, SOB LIKE AN ABANDONED BABY...
... BUT IT DOESN'T DO TO SHOW FEAR IN FRONT OF DOOM.
SO WIRE JUST WATCHES AS THE PARTICLE PROJECTION GUNS SPIT SCIENTIFIC DEATH UP, UP AND AWAY.
THE DIRTY X-RAY LASER CANNONS INFECT THE PLACE WITH RAW RADIATION AND TICKING CANCER TIME BOMBS AND THE BOILING AIR SEARS HIS LUNGS WITH EVERY BREATH.
HE PRAYS TO ANYONE LISTENING TO PLEASE JUST LET HIM LIVE THROUGH THIS.

LATVERIA; THE EDGE OF GOJRADIA, IT'S HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE FALLEN TO SOME SARAJEVO OF NEGLECT.
FORTUNE, HEAD OF STATE IN DOOM'S ABSENCE— BROUGHT BY THE MERCENARY POET— IS A STRANGER HERE.
BLESSED MOTHER, POET— WHY BRING ME HERE?
I TOLD YOU. SOMEONE WANTS TO MEET YOU.
NOW BE QUIET. WATCH AND LISTEN.
THAT LIGHT—
I AM THE NEON ANGEL.
BLESSED MOTHER.
IT'S LIKE THE VISIONS MY MOTHER HAD WHEN SHE PRAYED FOR TOO LONG...
... TO THE BLESSED MOTHER.
FORTUNE. GYPSY DAUGHTER OF FAITH.
YOUR BROTHER, KAZIMIERZ, SUFFERS INCURABLE DAMAGE.
SERVE ME, DAUGHTER. WILLINGLY ENTER MY EMPLOY.
AND I SHALL CURE HIM.
AND POET TRIES NOT TO SMIRK AT THE CHEAP HOLOGRAPHY THAT HIS EMPLOYER USES TO IMPRESS THE MARKS.

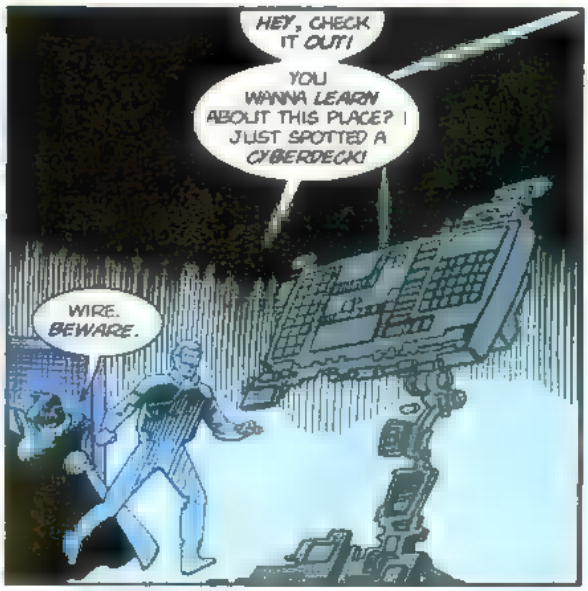
AGREED. I WOULD ACCUSE THE OCCUPANT OF IMPOSSIBLE DISCOURTESY--
THERE'S NO WAY IN!
DOOM!
-- IF THEY WERE NOT ALREADY SHOOTING AT US.
TEAR THIS PLACE A NEW DOOR QUICK, DOOM--
-- INCOMING!
THERE.
AAAA
PLEASE, WIRE-- LESS NOISE. THERE WERE SEVERAL SECONDS TO SPARE.
LET US EXPLORE.


FASCINATING.
OBSERVE THE EXPOSED TECHNOLOGY THAT COMPRISES THESE WALLS, WIRE.
I NOTICED.
IT'S ALL DATE STORAGE TECH. WEIRD.
EXACTLY.
THIS INSTALLATION IS LITERALLY BUILT ON SECRETS.
SO MANY THAT THE WALLS ARE MADE OF COMPUTERS... WAIT.
WHY? JUST A BUNCH OF OLD ROBOTS TOSSED IN A CORNER, RIGHT?
NOT "JUST", WIRE.
WE ARE BENEATH THE SKIN OF THE WORLD, THE PLACE WHERE GLOBAL LIES AND TERRIBLE TRUTHS COME FROM, AND NOTHING IS EVER AS IT SEEMS.
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.
THESE SERVITOR DEVICES ARE OVER A CENTURY OLD.
AND THEY ARE OF MY DESIGN.

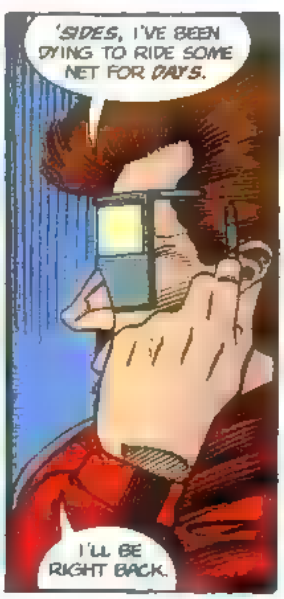

IS THIS DOOMP, WIRE WONDERS
WIRE RECALLS THE DATA SHOWN HIM BY DUKE STRATOSPHERE, A PROGRAM SHOWING DOOM'S MEMORY AS A FRAGMENTED, WRONG THING--
— SHOWING THAT HE MAY NOT BE THE REAL DOOM.
NO, THINKS WIRE. HE MUST BE THE REAL DOOM.

HE MUST BE.
WIRE.
WE MUST MOVE ON.

TO
MUCH ABOUT PLACE
WE ARE LOCATED BY THE OCCUPANTS.

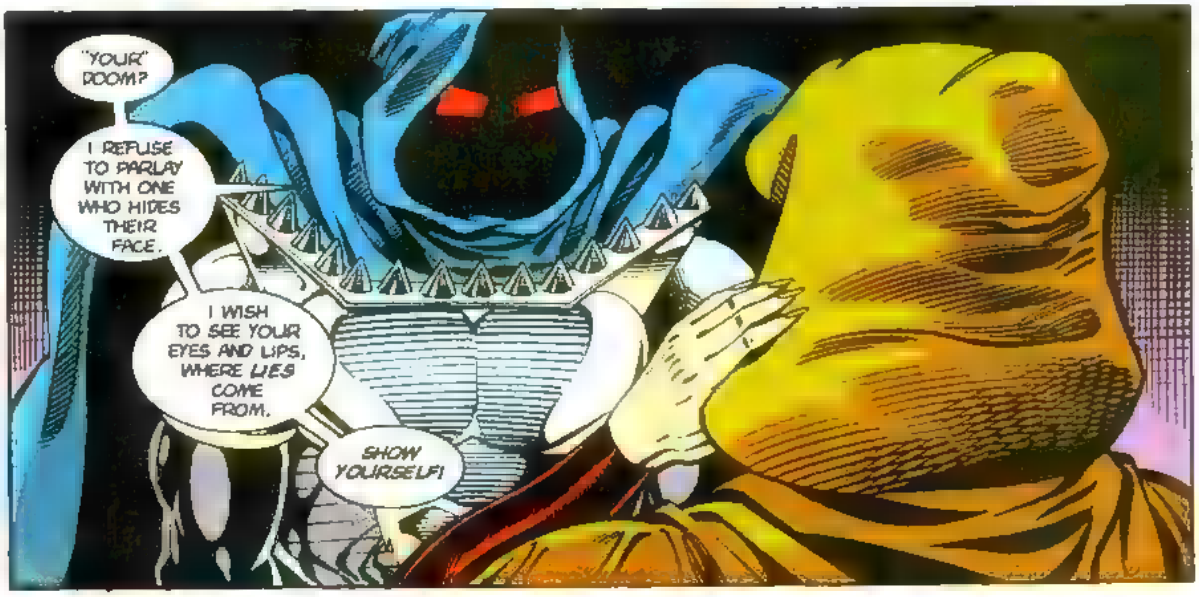

HEY, CHECK IT OUT!
YOU WANNA LEARN ABOUT THIS PLACE? I JUST SPOTTED A CYBERDECK!
WIRE. BEWARE.

RELAX.
I'LL JUST GLIDE INTO THE HOUSE AND PULL THE SPECS ON THE BUILDING FOR YOU.

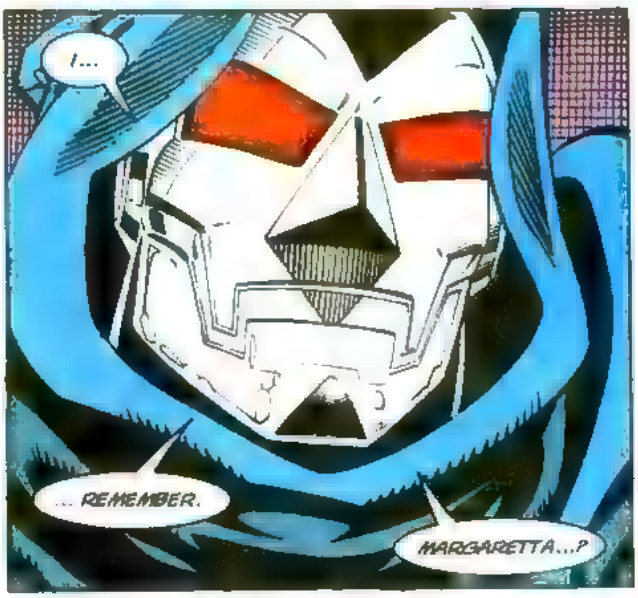

'SIDES, I'VE BEEN DYING TO RIDE SOME NET FOR DAYS.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

[redacted] WIRE JACKS INTO CYBERSPACE ONE [redacted] TIME.
HIS MIND ZIPS [redacted] TO NOTHING, MOVES OUT OF HIS BODY AND THE CABLE, AND DECOMPRESSES INTO THE REVERBSTORM OF THE NET...
THIS'S A WEIRD PIECE OF NET. NOISY.
DON'T RECOGNIZE THE ARCHITECTURE. NEVER BEEN NET LIKE THIS BEFORE.
IT'S LIKE IT'S REJECTING ME, AS IF I'D TRIPPED SOME SECURITY SYSTEM—
-- JUST BY JACKING IN.
AH NO.
WIRE. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
UNJACK. NOW.

WHAT A SHAME.
NAME YOURSELF.
YOU KNOW ME.
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE LIKELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THIS CHILD.
MUST I MAKE A SECOND GRAVE THIS DAY?
SPEAK, OR I BRING OUR WAR INSIDE.
COMBAT IS ALREADY ENDED. I HAVE HALTED MY ISLAND'S DEFENSIVE ACTION AGAINST YOUR REMARKABLE TRANSPORT.
IT IS TIME FOR WORDS, MY DOOM.
TZZT
DOOM

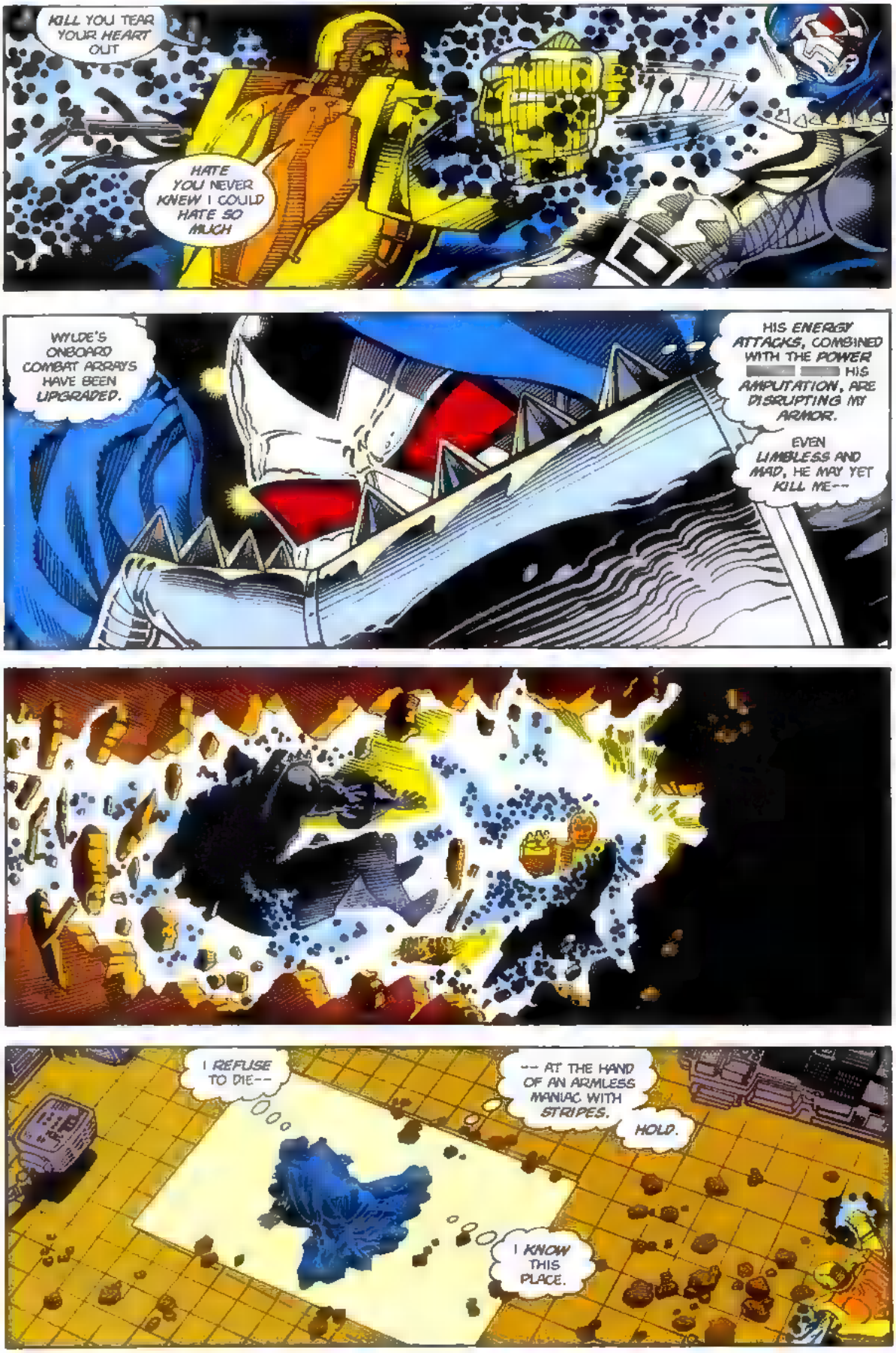

"YOUR" DOOM?
I REFUSE TO PARLAY WITH ONE WHO HIDES THEIR FACE.
I WISH TO SEE YOUR EYES AND LIPS, WHERE LIES COME FROM.
SHOW YOURSELF!

THAT'S RICH, COMING FROM YOU, MY DOOM, BUT I IMAGINE YOU ARE [illegible] TO THE IRONY.
WELL, IS THIS THE FACE YOU WISHED TO SEE?


I...
... REMEMBER.
MARGARETTA...?

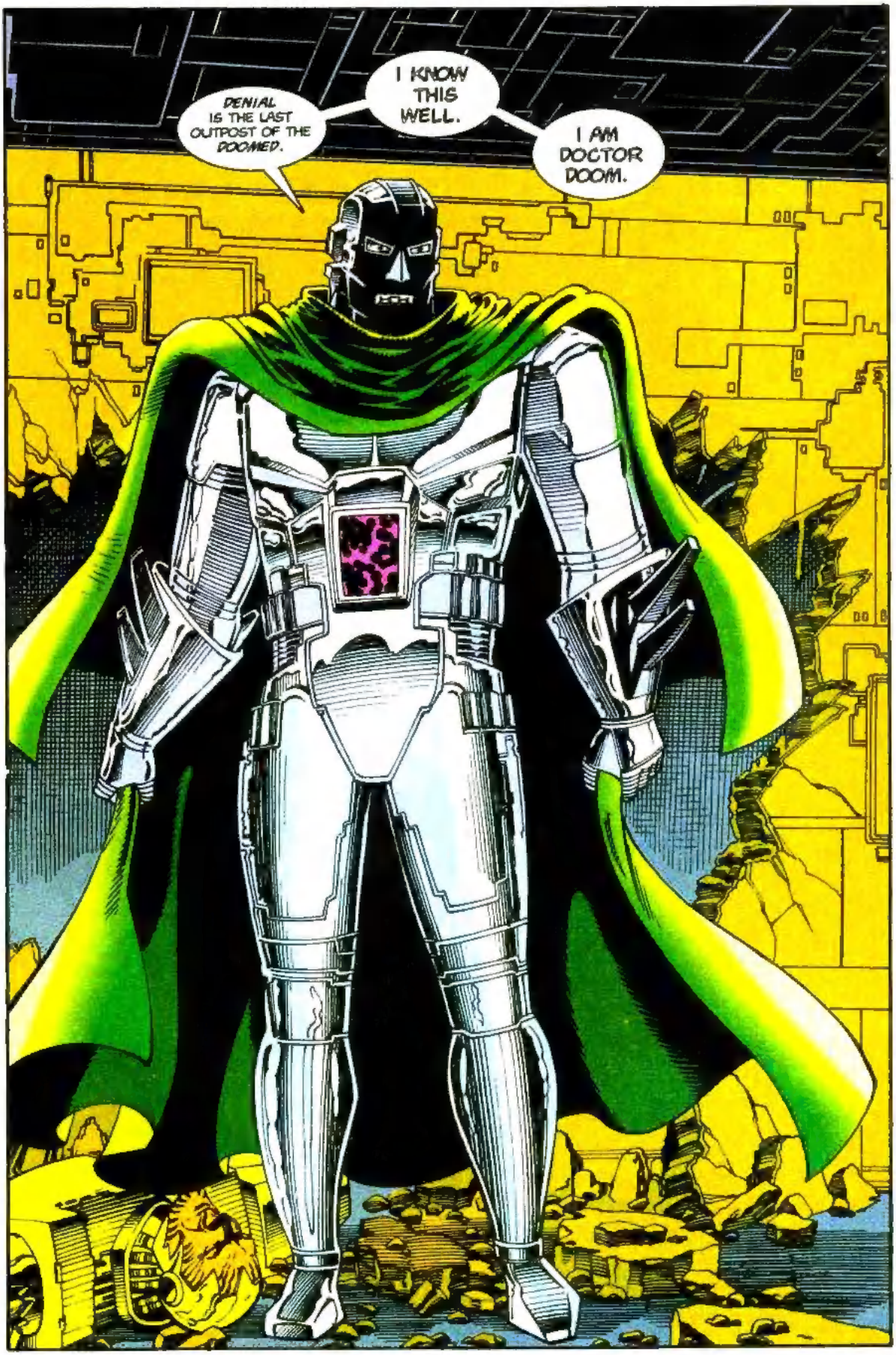
YES, MY DOOM.
MARGARETTA.

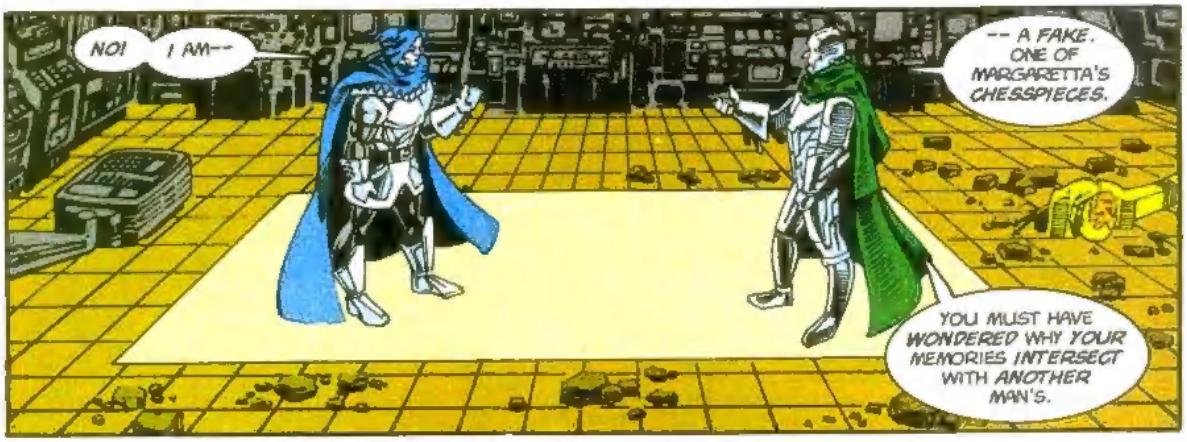
MY MEMORY... IS DIM...
THERE WAS... LOVE?... BETWEEN US? AND... COMPETITION.
CHESS, MY DOOM. FOR US, ALL THE WORLD WAS CHESS.
BUT NOW THE PIECES ARE WILD, AND THE KING AND QUEEN FACE EACH OTHER, WITH THE OUTCOME IN DOUBT...
RRRROOHR
DOOM
CHESS IS WAR AND SECRETS. THAT IS WHY WE LOVED IT.
TAKE THIS PAWN, MY DOOM. [redacted] TO THE FINAL TIER OF OUR [redacted] AND [redacted] THE TRUTH OF THIS GAME.
DIE DIE DIE


KILL YOU TEAR YOUR HEART OUT
HATE YOU NEVER KNEW I COULD HATE SO MUCH
WYLDE'S ONBOARD COMBAT ARRAYS HAVE BEEN UPGRADED.
HIS ENERGY ATTACKS, COMBINED WITH THE POWER [redacted] HIS AMPUTATION, ARE DISRUPTING MY ARMOR.
EVEN LIMBLESS AND MAD, HE MAY YET KILL ME--
I REFUSE TO DIE--
-- AT THE HAND OF AN ARMLESS MANIAC WITH STRIPES.
HOLD.
I KNOW THIS PLACE.

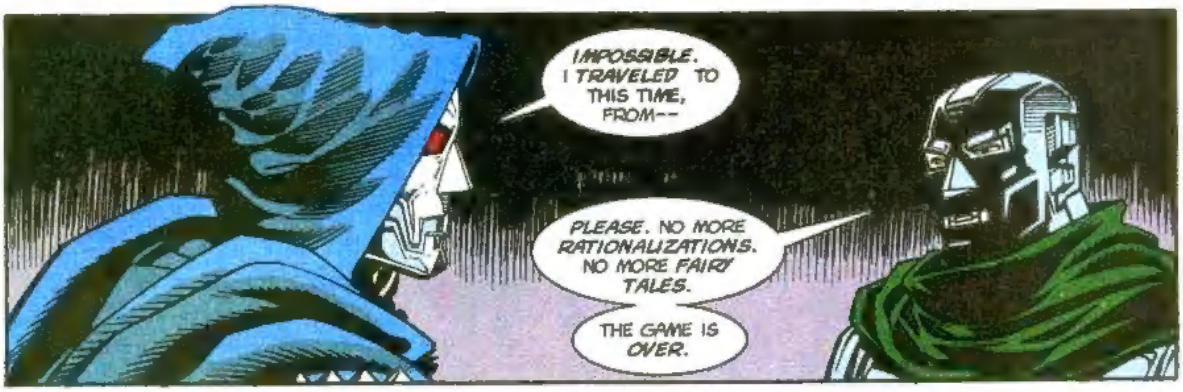
I WANT YOU DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGGING FOR RELEASE FROM ALL THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO YOU.
SHUT UP.
YOU ARE A PATHETIC, SHAMBLING TOY.
I DISMISS YOU.
OH, YOU'LL REGRET [redacted] THAT.
I'LL PEEL YOU OUT OF THAT CAN AND PLAY WITH YOUR ENTRAILS FOR THAT.
THEN COME FORWARD AND TRY--- CRETIN.
TIME PLATFORM IGNITED
DIE.
TIME PLATFORM EXTINGUISHED

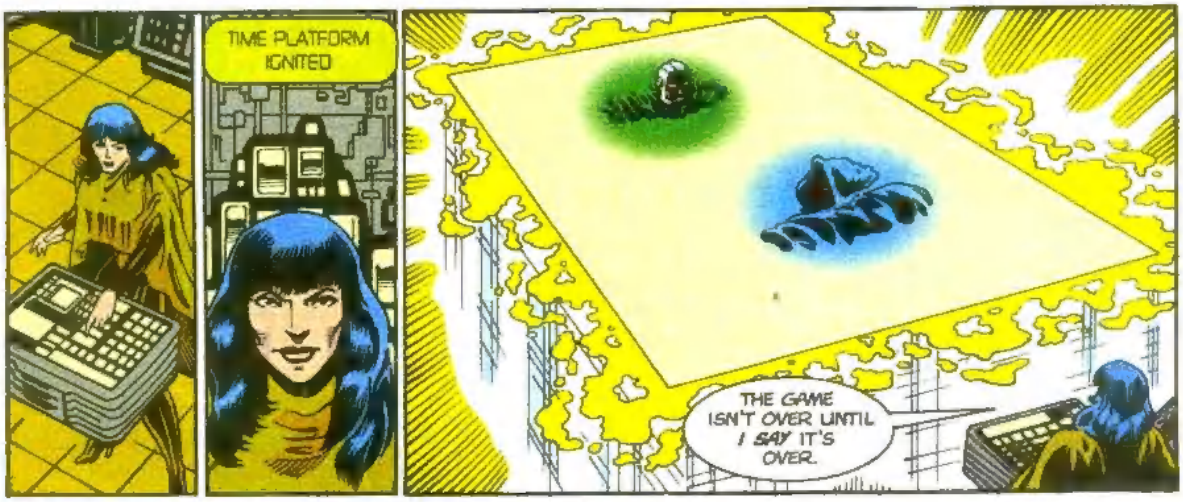
[redacted] TIGER WYLDE DIES [redacted] FINAL DEATH; HALF OF HIM FIRED INTO HISTORY BY THE [redacted] PLATFORM, HALF LEFT HERE.
CRUDE. VERY CRUDE.
I EXPECTED BETTER OF YOU, MARGARETTA FAIRLY [redacted] PRAISES OF YOUR INGENUITY.
STILL. I SUPPOSE IT [redacted] FITTING [redacted] TO WYLDE THE SOLDIER.
HE WAS NO BETTER THAN [redacted] HAD TO BE. HE WAS CRUDE. [redacted] STROVE SINGLEMINDEDLY TOWARDS POSSESSION AND MURDER.
I COULD ASK NO MORE OF ANY PAWN.
IS THIS KING TAKES PAWN, MARGARETTA? OR PAWN TAKES PAWN?
NO. NO. I DENY THIS.

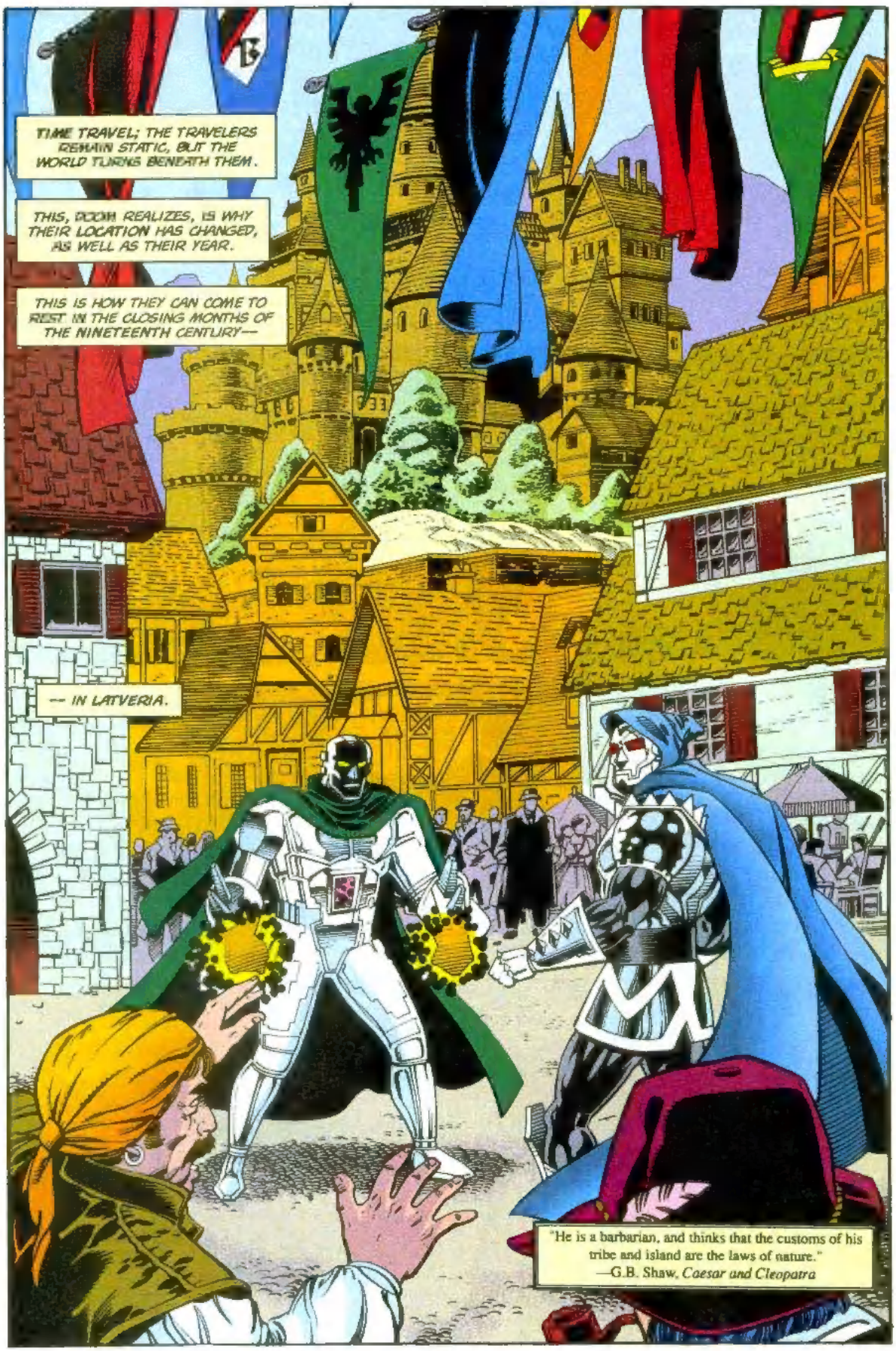

DENIAL IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE DOOMED.
I KNOW THIS WELL.
I AM DOCTOR DOOM.


NO! I AM--
-- A FAKE. ONE OF MARGARETTA'S CHESSPIECES.
YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED WHY YOUR MEMORIES INTERSECT WITH ANOTHER MAN'S.

AND YOU HAVE ALREADY NOTED, I THINK, THAT I AM AN APPRECIABLY OLDER MAN THAT YOU.
ARE THERE TOO MANY HOLES IN YOUR MIND? DO YOU NOT RECALL MY MARGARETTA'S SKILL?
AS MY GENIUS IS IN ROBOTICS, HERS IS IN GENETICS.
SHE GREW YOU, PRETENDER.


IMPOSSIBLE. I TRAVELED TO THIS TIME, FROM--
PLEASE. NO MORE RATIONALIZATIONS. NO MORE FAIRY TALES.
THE GAME IS OVER.


TIME PLATFORM IGNITED
THE GAME ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT'S OVER.


TIME TRAVEL; THE TRAVELERS REMAIN STATIC, BUT THE WORLD TURNS BENEATH THEM.
THIS, DOOM REALIZES, IS WHY THEIR LOCATION HAS CHANGED, AS WELL AS THEIR YEAR.
THIS IS HOW THEY CAN COME TO REST IN THE CLOSING MONTHS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—
— IN LATVERIA.
"He is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature."
—G.B. Shaw, *Caesar and Cleopatra*

VOICES OF DOOM

JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITOR
LIA PELOSI
ASSISTANT EDITOR

C/O MARVEL COMICS, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016

ALL LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS, ALTHOUGH WE WILL GLADLY WITHHOLD THAT INFO UPON REQUEST.

Out Of My Head

The crew of the Enterprise in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* were always ready to rally to each other's side despite their widely disparate backgrounds and varied cultures, and they managed to live, work and play in a tightly controlled environment and they couldn't do enough for one another and they were united in a common cause and supportive and empowering and benevolent and caring and they made me sick and I'm glad they're gone.

***Deep Space Nine*, now there's a nice, snotty, nasty bunch. Why couldn't Peter have written me into one of *those* novels?**

Dear *Voices of Doom*,

I've been a loyal Marvel reader and Doom fan since I was eight. When I heard Doom was getting his own book, my excitement was enormous. This comic has the potential to be one of the greats in Marvel history. But since issue #6 the quality of the stories has steadily declined. Where was the Doom that offends powerful corporations, laughs in the face of death and manipulates every situation to his advantage? That Doom was back in issue #20!

It was refreshing to see that familiar man, the man who had the nerve to take the Beyonder one-on-one. It was also good to see a story with just the man and not the armor. I can't wait to see how he leaves the Savage Land.

One suggestion. Though Doom's present cast is fine, I'd love to see more of Bloodhawk in this mag. The big red guy seems to belong in these pages. Until Doom buys a dozen roses for Fortune, make mine Marvel!

De Liles
15919 Eppes Rd.
Dewitt, VA 23840

Doom's actually gonna get a little closer to the X-Men 2099 than they might like, De.

Dear Joey,

For years the only Marvels I regularly read were the mutant titles, but I eventually abandoned them. Laminated covers and polybagged coffins were everywhere; none of Marvel was safe from the fast buck virus. I became manic and distraught, full of enough angst and melodrama to give an "I'm-a-hated-and-feared-mutant" soliloquy, until DOOM 2099 saved me. Comics should entertain, not just preach social values or deal with "serious issues." I was relieved to find that the staff of DOOM 2099 agreed. The plot lines were exhilarating, the art powerful and the scripting perfect. John and Pat understood their character perfectly; he acted, looked and spoke like the original Doom. Just as important, the stories equalled the best Doom tales of the past. As months went on I realized that the new Doom stories aren't as good as the classic FF tales— they're better.

John expresses Doom's confidence and arrogance so well that Victor is more than intriguing; he's appealing, even funny. Doom's thought on page 17 in issue #20 expresses my point perfectly: "Have I let my armor define my identity? Without it, do I fear that I am someone else? I cannot believe I am caught in such a maudlin existential crisis." Yes! I laughed out loud. While the Woody Allenesque insecurities of Spider-Man are entertaining, Doom is such a refreshing change from Spidey and the other neurotic heroes that dominate the Marvel Universe. Victor doesn't wallow in paralyzing self-pity. He formulates goals and acts to achieve them.

Of course one expects Doom to be focused and determined. What surprises me is his self-knowledge. He is indeed, "decidedly Victorian," as he tells Wire in cyberspace. Doom uses science beyond the 20th century, but his Napoleonic lust for empire and his feud with Reed Richards are more suited to the 19th. Doom isn't Darth Vader to Richards's Obi-Wan Kenobi, he's Professor Moriarty to Richards's Sherlock Holmes. Doom would be a perfect subject for WHAT IF? Why not? If Archie can meet the Punisher, why can't Doom meet a parallel universe?

Also, "Out of My Head" is a pleasure to read. Any foe of polyagging is a friend of mine.

Michael Yaeger
72 Greenacres Ave.
Scarsdale, NY 10583

Mike, if you crave exactly those types of stories in DOOM, check out 2099 UNLIMITED #6 and #7. The latter is a somber treatment, the former decidedly less so.

Dear Joey & Lia,

DOOM 2099 #20 is a milestone. Finally, you're doing something to clear up Doom's murky past. If this is the true Victor Von Doom, then he won't be able to recall any event occurring after FF #381. If he isn't, there's no reason flashbacks after that dismal event shouldn't randomly transfix him.

As the months quantum leap by, the need to maintain suspense surrounding the inconclusive identity of Doom becomes futile as the answer becomes both obvious and moot. Apparently, you sense this and are getting a head start. Whether the introduction of this new cowled figure clears the waters or pollutes them even more is one of the great enigmas of comics and is a reason why they're so damned addictive.

Steve Perram
2920 Meridan St.
Bellingham, WA 98225

No, actually, Steve, one of the great enigmas of comics is how we manage to push these out every month, and what exactly were we thinking doing a double-size deal next month!

Dear *Voices of Doom*,

For me, a comic must have the right mix of character appearance, style, dialogue, art and color. DOOM 2099 has all these in abundance. All are mixed to create my favorite book. Doom is awesome to behold in the present and even more so in the future. I find it appealing that one of the greatest villains of the 20th century is now one of the most valiant heroes of the 21st century.

Someone once asked me who was the more powerful villain, Doom or Magneto? I answered Doom because Magneto's power is all he has. Magneto can easily overcome any metal but Doom has much more than powerful armor. He has super intelligence so he could easily invent a device to nullify Magneto's power.

The current Doom is more than a man in high-tech armor, more than an evil despot. He is a man with purpose, the retrieval of a past that might not be his and the care of a country in a much more dangerous world than he came from. It's a great comic. Don't change a thing.

Rickie Mostaiko
(Address withheld by request)

"Don't change a thing," he says. Hah-ha ha ha haha...

NEXT ISSUE

Did somebody say "change"? The change in DOOM 2099 will be apparent right from #25's cover! After all, it is our Anniversary Bash, so you might not recognize the big guy...he's donned something particularly sartorially elegant for the occasion! Also, in a solo story, one of our recently deceased cast members "gets better," plus a preview of a new Public Enemy series to run in 2099 UNLIMITED. Consider this your invitation!